



With the Whale Fishers.

BY M. R. WARD.

CHAPTER III.

STORMS AND PERILS.

The Walrus held steadily on her course with a fair wind, and as Arthur went early on deck the next morning to witness a glorious sunrise, he was quite prepared to express his pleasure in seafaring life.

"Ah, ah, doctor, fine sailing now, but wait till we've left the Pentland behind us; we shall get a different sea-board then, likely enough," replied the old captain, with a merry chuckle; intending to prepare his young voyager for what might shortly be before him. "You'll have to find your sea-legs then, doctor, if you have them in stock, there's not a doubt."

Arthur laughed heartily at these preparatory hints, and as he cast an admiring glance on the glorious uprising before him, and was proceeding to take a few steps up the rigging for a better view, as he thought, he was interrupted by—

"Nay, nay, doctor; I don't think you'll gain much up there; and moreover; I can't quite sanction that step until you've got better accustomed to our roll on board. Many a young life goes, for want of caution at first; and how should I answer to that mother of yours if we had any mishap?"

Arthur suffered himself to be withheld by the kindly old captain, who continued,—

"A day or two more, and you shall try your hand when we're in harbour; for with this fair wind we shall sight Lerwick before sundown to-morrow."

Arthur was deeply touched by this kind interference in connection with the mention of his mother, and for the moment home scenes were around him once more.

"Fine pyramids there," called out the captain hastily, directing Arthur's attention to a number of porpoises gambolling to leeward of the vessel.

"That tells we may have a squall yet, before we reach port. You'll get to know our signs in time, doctor; and when those gentlemen are out on a 'speer,' we know what to expect before long."

This prognostic was not long in being verified, for as night fell, the stiff breeze became a gale, with a tumbling sea, and under spare canvas the vessel held her course, pitching and plunging as the winds of heaven seemed to blow from two or three points at once. It was a new experience to the young landsman, who still happily suffered nothing from the motion; and, partly sheltered in midships, he remained on deck watching the scenes until gathering darkness hid the wild waste of waters.

"Well, we've got a 'roller,' you see," said the captain, drawing near Arthur's shelter. "But we've made all snug up aloft, and our good ship sits it bravely; so take it easy, and let me advise you to make yourself snug below."

Arthur remembered it was near the hour of the "trying-time," agreed upon, that hour when all were to meet

at the one mercy-seat and send up their united petitions—a blessed bond of union between sea and land.

With some difficulty he made his way below, and the thundering shock of the waves as they struck the weather side of the ship, making her "reel and stagger," gave a grand significance to the words of the 107th Psalm, read for the evening portion. The voyager knew well that other hearts were linked with his at this hour in sweet unison of prayer and praise, and full of these thoughts he scarcely noticed the wild confusion of the storm.

"The Lord sitteth upon the floods; yea, the Lord sitteth king forever." Had he not just read this with a delightful sense of security in the arm of the mighty God encircling all his people everywhere?

A tremendous squall just then struck the vessel, with a sea that almost threw her on her beam ends, and Arthur's meditations were interrupted by being flung from his seat across the cabin. Making his way to the door, he was encountered by the captain's cheery voice.

"Well, doctor, hope there are no bones broken here; but we've got it in style now, and it won't be over just yet, I rather think. Sorry we can't join you down here; but it's every man to his post, and a sharp look-out on deck such nights as these. She rides it well, however, and there's a King above the water-

floods, isn't that it?" he added significantly, as he turned to go on deck again, hardly waiting to hear Arthur's hearty rejoinder.

The captain's stirring remark rang like a sweet chime in the young man's hearing. They were one in heart and hope; and while the captain watched on deck, he could be the intercessor below.

Sleep was not to be thought of, for the storm still raged, and another furious blast struck the vessel, with a sea that swept completely over her.

"Hold on!" shouted the captain through his trumpet, as he saw by the glimmer of the starlight a tremendous "roller" approaching, and warned those on deck.

It was not a moment too soon, for the mountainous wave came down swoop on the vessel and wrenched the tiller from the hand of the steersman, which in its back stroke broke the arm of the poor fellow as he was swept from the wheel. Holding on by a line, the captain just saved him as he was going overboard, and a narrower escape could hardly have been.

"God be thanked!" ejaculated the captain, as he seized the man, and the ship partly righted herself from under the mighty pressure of the wave, while a glance "forward" told him his good watch were all safe.

In another moment the second mate had sprung to the wheel and was bringing round the vessel to her course, while with firm grasp the captain sought to convey the bruised and injured man below.

"Help, ahoy!" he shouted with trumpet voice down the stairway, thus summoning the young doctor, whom the last tremendous shock had again flung precipitately across the cabin, just as he was thinking with concern of those on deck.

"Here's your first patient, doctor, and thank God we're here!" said the captain, as he delivered over the man, and returned instantly to his post on deck.

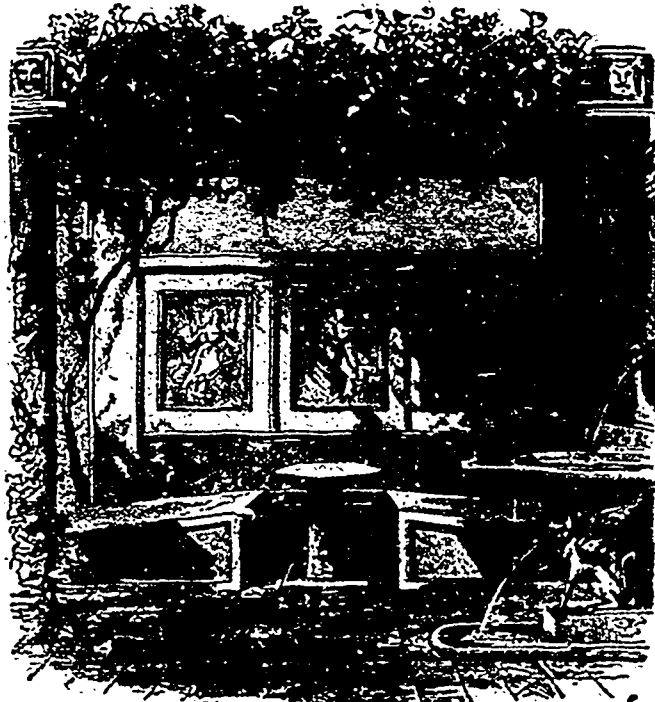
It was the first mate, a Christian man and an able seaman, who had thus narrowly escaped death; and a greater loss to himself and his ship the good captain could not have been threatened with. Thus his heartfelt "Thank God we're here!" was no empty exclamation of the moment.

Arthur's ready aid soon accomplished all that was possible for his patient, and their joint thanksgivings went up to him who had thus delivered from the "many waters."

The hours of that troublous night passed away, and with day dawn there came a lull in the raging blast, which gradually calmed down.

There was not a soul on board the Walrus but knew there had been peril, and while the godly part of her crew, each one for himself, sent up thanksgivings, it was a part of the good captain's plan to allow no such occurrence to pass without a public acknowledgment of the mercy received, such as might dispose even the godless ones among his company to own and recognize the delivering Hand.

Thus when noontide found the vessel holding on her way under a moderate breeze, and the damage wrought by the storm had been cleared away, all hands but the "look-out" were assembled, and in clear tones were read forth the words,—



ROMAN TAELINTUM.

"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

"Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

And again,—
"Thy vows are upon me, O God; I will render praises unto thee.

"For thou hast delivered my soul from death; wilt not thou deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?"

How grandly true and appropriate

every word appeared to the godly in the company! while many another seemed impressed for the time. And when reverting again to the former Psalm the words were—"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" there was audible and hearty response from almost every man present, and every head was uncovered as prayer and thanksgiving ascended in simple words which all could follow.

"I tell you what, Jack, our doctor is more than half a parson, and a good one, too," was the remark of one of the thoughtless men, as the little service ended; and from that day forward there was free access for the young doctor among all of them.

"Land ahead!" was heard from the "look-out" as the noon-day meal followed, and before nightfall the Walrus was moored safely in harbour.

(To be continued.)

A KITE-FLYING FESTIVAL.

Miss Ida Tigner Hodnett writes of "The Little Japanese at Home" in the April St. Nicholas. Miss Hodnett says:

Among the outdoor sports, one of the most popular is kite-flying, varied in many ways, and very fascinating to all. When their New Year comes, then does the sport of kite-flying give great delight to the little boys, big boys—yes, and to the grown-up boys as well. The kites are made of very tough paper on a frame of bamboo. Various shapes are made—round, oblong, oval, but generally rectangular. Sometimes fantastic shapes, representing birds, beasts, men, or children, are made. On the more ordinary shapes are painted or sketched pictures of various kinds. Pictures of beautiful women, of the heroes of ancient Japanese history, of the many species of dragon, the ideal monster, all serve to make the kites attractive. The humming kite is a favourite one, and sometimes the air is filled with the musical sounds made by a swarm of them. These kites are made with a thin piece of bamboo or whalebone stretched across, placed so as to vibrate in the wind. The vibration makes a humming noise somewhat like the sound of an aeolian harp.

AN ODOURLESS REGION.

In that country once known as the Great American Desert, embracing a portion of Texas and Arizona, there are no odours. There, luscious grapes and many other fruits grow, especially near the cross-timber country, but there is no perfume; wild flowers have no smell, and carcasses of dead animals, which in dry seasons are very plentiful, emit no odour. It was always supposed to be a treeless plain, upon which no plant could grow, or breathing thing could live, but a large part of it is now successfully cultivated, and but for the rarity of the atmosphere, causing the peculiarity I have named, and the mirages, which are even more perfect than in the Desert of Sahara, no one would look upon it as a barren country now. Another singular feature common to the desert land is that objects at a great distance appear greatly magnified. A few scraggy mesquite bushes will look like a noble forest. Stakes driven into the ground will seem like telegraph poles.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BAD COMPANY.

"I don't see why you will not let me play with Will Hunt," said Walter Kirk, pouting. "You know he does not always mind his parents, and he smokes cigarettes, and swears," said his mother. "I know it," said Walter. "But I have been brought up better. He will not hurt me. I should think you could trust me." "Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure water and put just one drop of ink in it." "Oh, mother! who would have thought that one drop would blacken a whole glass so?" "Now, just put a drop of clear water in it and make it pure again." "Why, mother, you are laughing at me! Not one drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty will do that." "No, my son; and, therefore, I cannot allow one drop of Will Hunt's impure life to mingle with your careful training."

A Source of Comfort.—Summer Visitor.—"You must take lots of comfort in winter from that great fireplace." Green Mountain.—"Wal, you see we don't hev much time; I'm busy choppin' wood for it most of th' time, an' Johnny he's busy luggin' it in, an' ma she's busy puttin' it on the fire."